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GASM

Vol. 1 No. 1 NOVEMBER 1977

EDITORIAL 4

DIANA 5
Raul Vezina is a peculiar fellow who lives in upstate New York. He's been published in all sorts of obscure publications, and now maybe he'll get the recognition he so richly thinks he deserves . . .

BABY 9
Gene Day lives in Canada, and his work is an effective blend of fifties style and seventies thought . . .I think. It's a good trip back to the roots of the old horror comics.

EASILY AMUSED 24
Ms. Hunt's stuff is real nice. How can a story about nude girls, Nazis, and monsters miss?

GASM 27
Our one color feature this issue is a piece of work by Mark Wheatley, who did more than anyone else in getting this book together. He said he was going to come up with a color story in a record time, and he did. The color on this is gorgeous, and the GASM logo is also Mark's brainchild. I think you'll be seeing more of him in the future in a lot of places.

CORNY AND ZORN 39
Charles Dixon did this for us toot sweet. I like it.

THE HUNTER 48
Arvell Jones works for one of the major comic book houses, and he wanted this chance to do something better. I think we gave it to him.

??????? 54
Seaton 'Chuck' Hancock had never before tried to do a strip, but he came up with this after a small bit of encouragement. It's got its own style and I think he's gonna be real good.

VISIT 61
I don't know much about John Workman except that he came up here clutching a portfolio that had just what we were looking for. He did 'Visit' in one day and it doesn't look it. I'm not even sure what it looks like . . .

THE MERE FACT OF AN ATMOSPHERE 62
Ben Katchor is really off his rocker, and that's what we like to see around here. He does the most arcane strip I've got in here, and I wish there were more like him. He says he doesn't read anybody else's comics.

COVER ART: TERRY PASTOR

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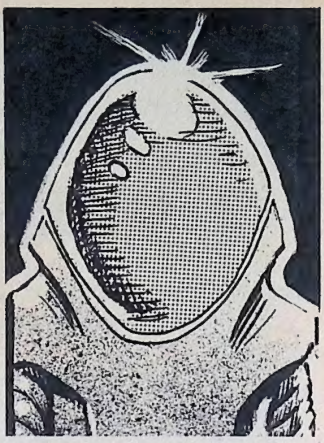
EDITORIAL



I love comics. When I was young, I used to devour the EC masterpieces, and when I was older, and twice as confused, I read the underground comix as if they were the Bible. I'm not sure if they did me any good, but I always wanted to have something to do with comics.

It took a year of pushing at my publisher's vast establishment before he came out with the go ahead. "You have two weeks to put the book together," he said. It took a little longer, but I think now we've got something really good.

I've finally got my name in the comics, and I'm as happy as a pig in shit. We know that future issues will get even bigger and better, and I hope you'll respond with suggestions and comments.

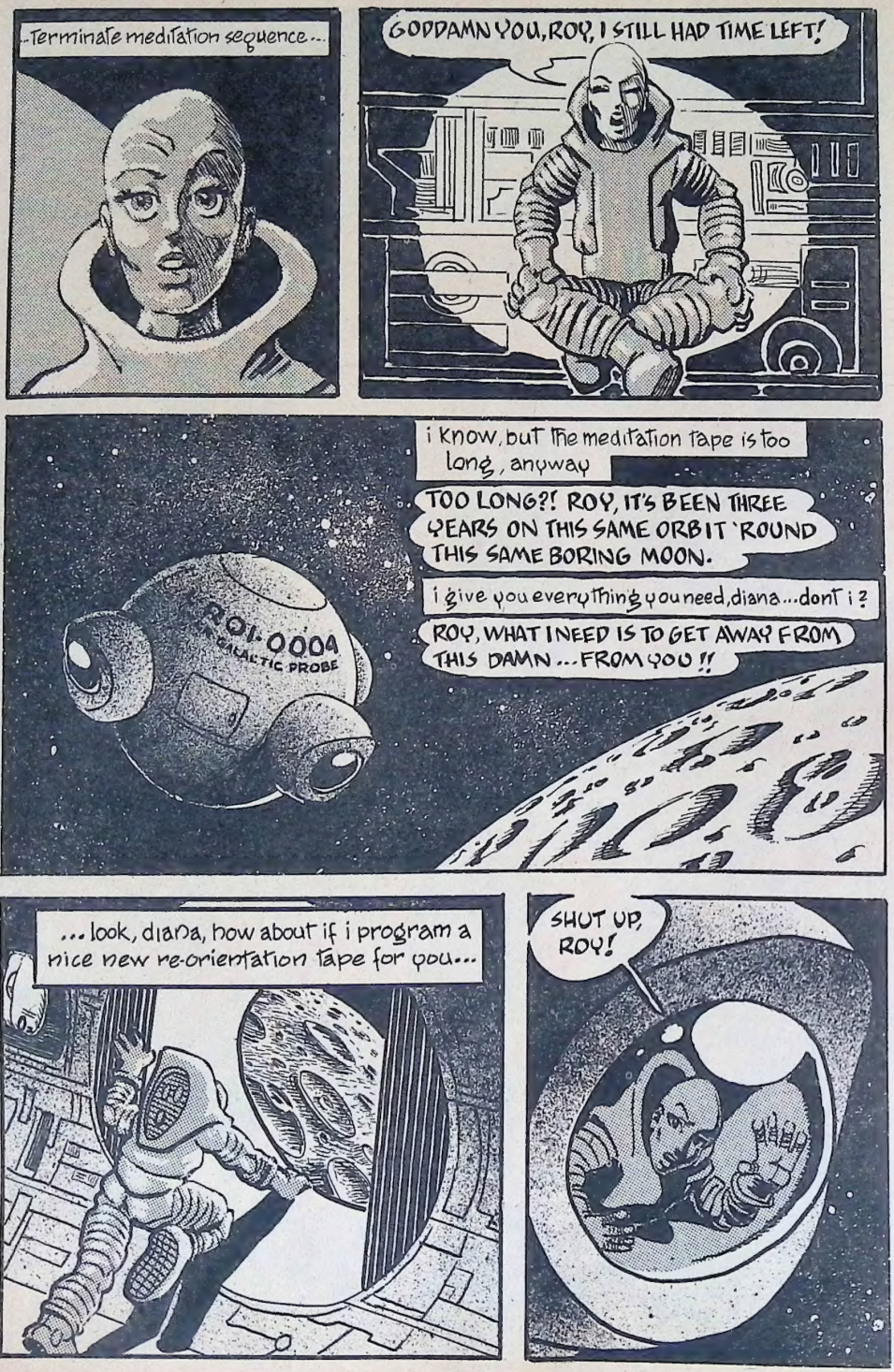
We've got some great new stuff that we just didn't have time to finish in this issue. America has vast untapped resources of talent, and I think that illustrated fantasy is the medium of the future.

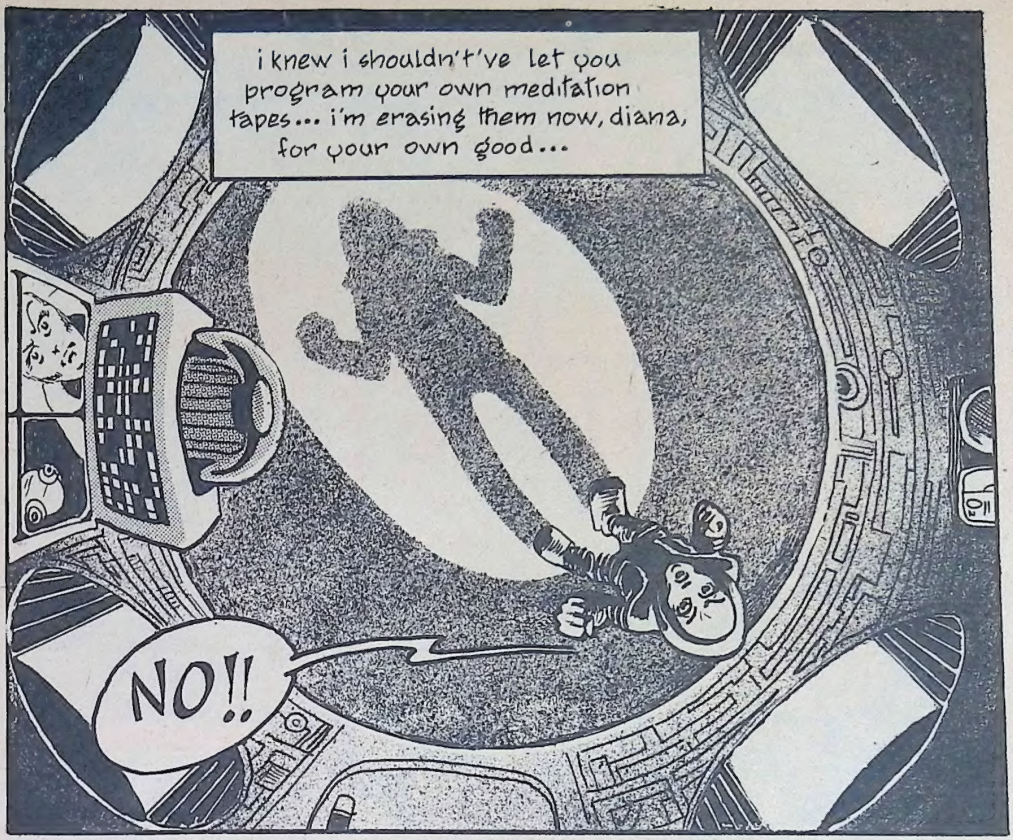
I'll be happy to took at new submissions, just make sure you send return postage. No sketches on looseleaf paper, thanks. I prefer to get completed pieces, in both color and black and white, and it had better be good, see?

Send work to Gasm, 257 Park Ave. South,12th floor, NYC, NY 10010 Att. Jeffrey Goodman/Editor.

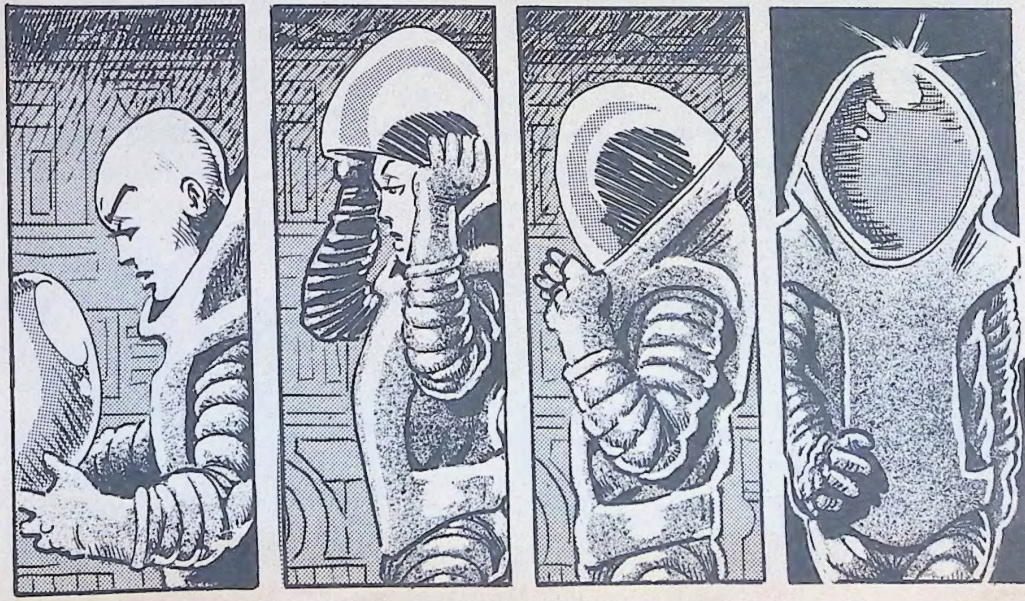
Now read the damn thing.

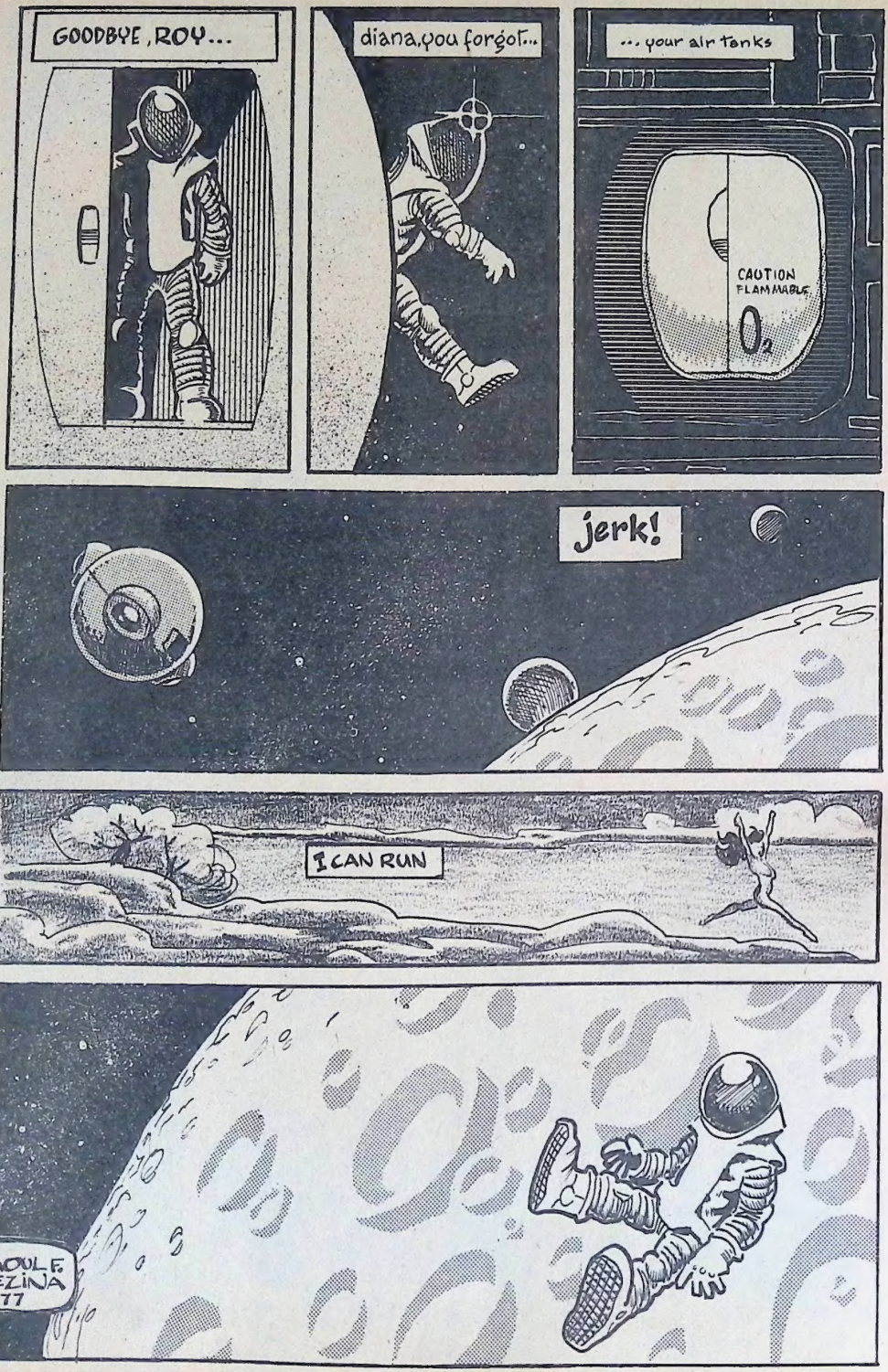
I CAN RUN
DIANA
I CAN TOUCH THINGS
I CAN TOUCH MYSELF
I CAN STAND BACK...
I.....
...AND LAUGH AT IT ALL!


..Terminate meditation sequence...
GODDAMN YOU, ROY, I STILL HAD TIME LEFT!
i know, but the meditation tape is too long, anyway
TOO LONG?! ROY, IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS ON THIS SAME ORBIT 'ROUND THIS SAME BORING MOON.
i give you everything you need, diana...don't i?
ROY, WHAT I NEED IS TO GET AWAY FROM THIS DAMN...FROM YOU!!
ROI-0004
GALACTIC PROBE
...look, diana, how about if i program a nice new re-orientation tape for you...
SHUT UP, ROY!

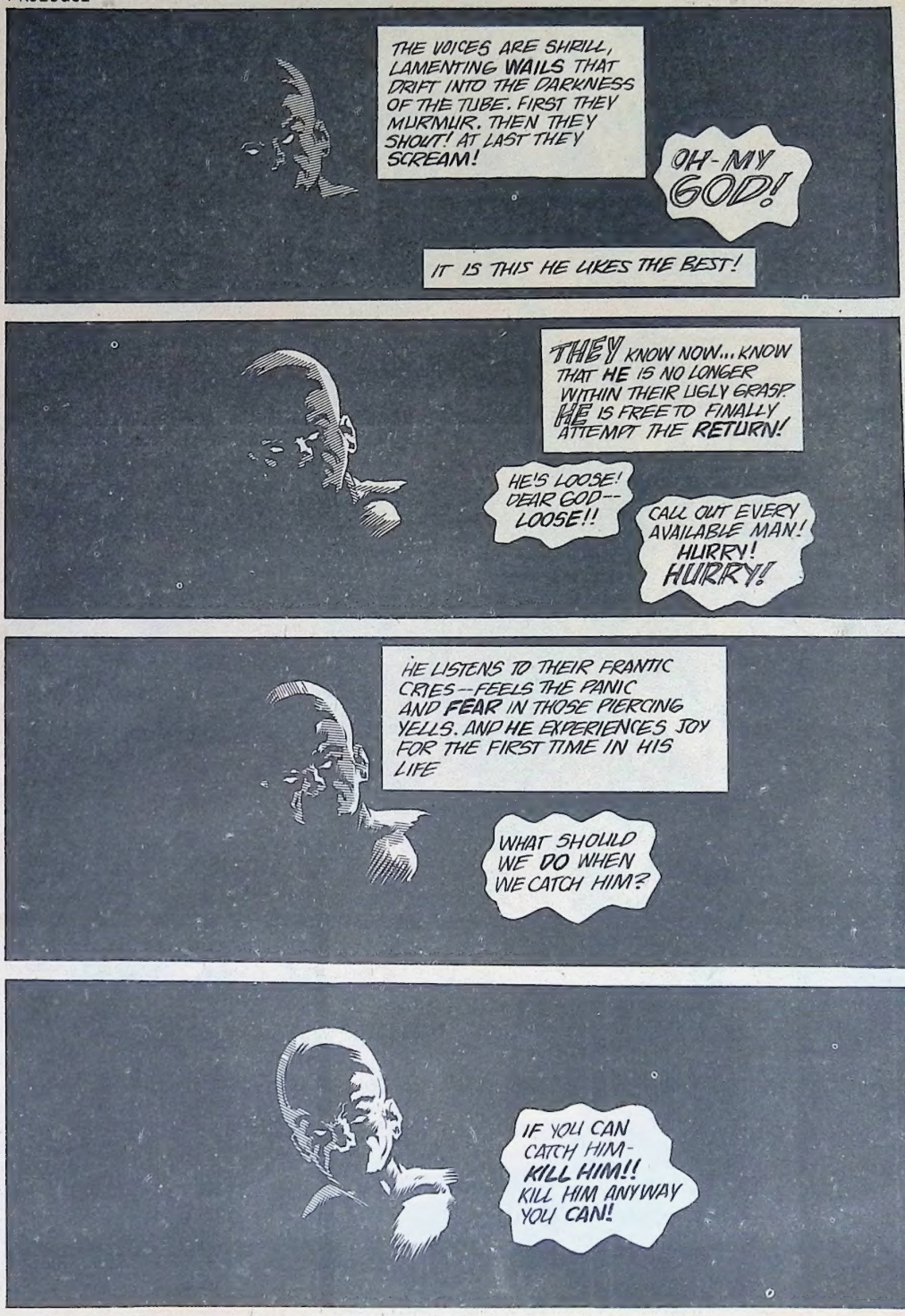


... diana .... where are you going ... diana!!




GOODBYE, ROY...
diana, you forgot...
... your air tanks
CAUTION
FLAMMABLE
O_2
jerk!
I CAN RUN
©RAOUL F. VEZINA 77

THE END


THE VOICES ARE SHRILL, LAMENTING WAILS THAT DRIFT INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE TUBE. FIRST THEY MURMUR. THEN THEY SHOUT! AT LAST THEY SCREAM!
OH-MY GOD!
IT IS THIS HE LIKES THE BEST!
THEY KNOW NOW... KNOW THAT HE IS NO LONGER WITHIN THEIR UGLY GRASP. HE IS FREE TO FINALLY ATTEMPT THE RETURN!
HE'S LOOSE! DEAR GOD-- LOOSE!!
CALL OUT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN! HURRY! HURRY!
HE LISTENS TO THEIR FRANTIC CRIES--FEELS THE PANIC AND FEAR IN THOSE PIERCING YELLS. AND HE EXPERIENCES JOY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE
WHAT SHOULD WE DO WHEN WE CATCH HIM?
IF YOU CAN CATCH HIM- KILL HIM!! KILL HIM ANYWAY YOU CAN!

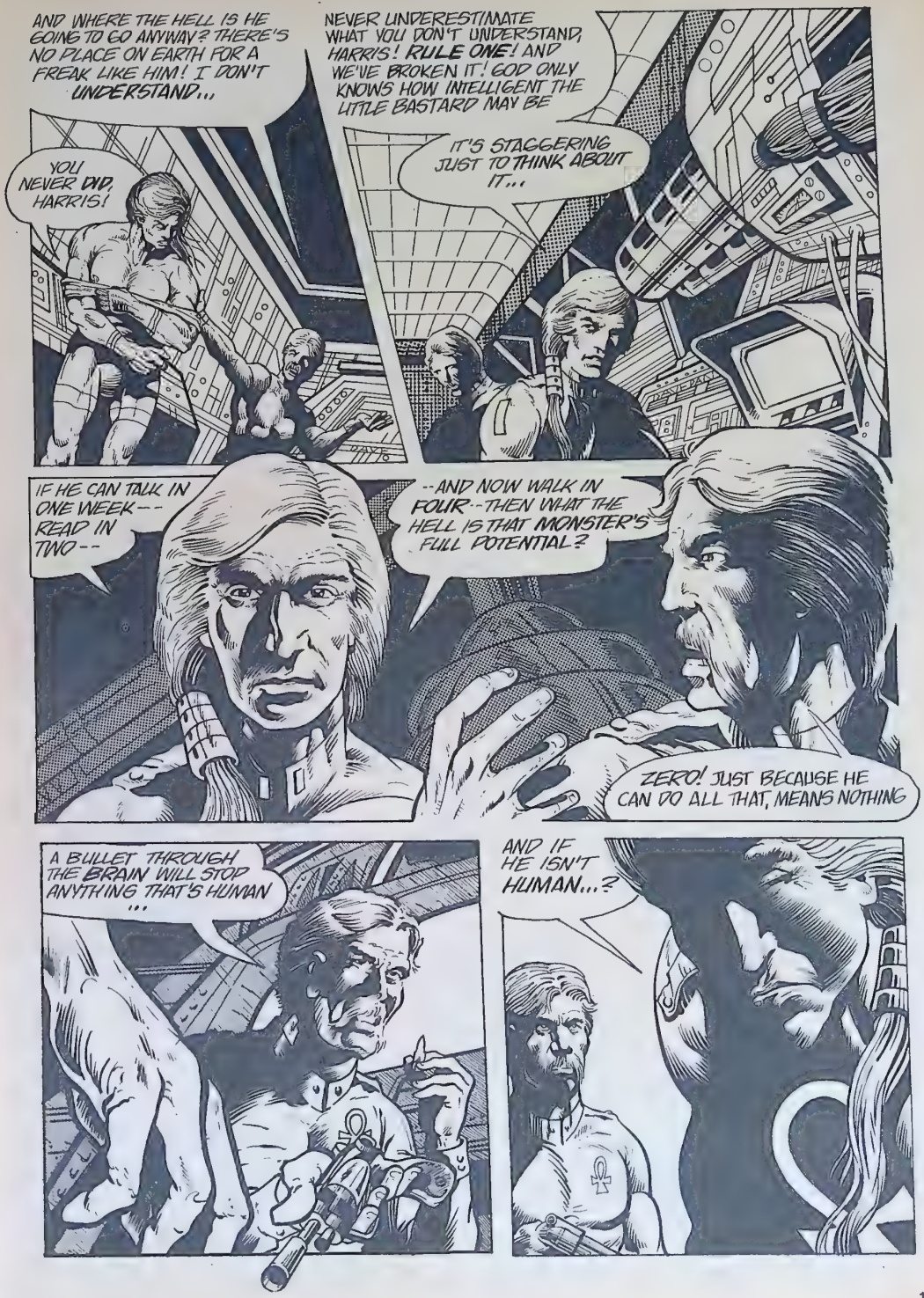
BABY

KILL HIM? NO, HE THINKS NOT. HE HAS HAD TOO LONG TO MASTER THE SKILLS HE LACKED BEFORE
...
HE HAS HATED TOO INTENSELY TO FAIL IN THIS ENDEAVOUR AND LONGED TOO STRONGLY FOR THE RETURN
--
HE WILL NOT BE STOPPED BY ANY PUNY MAN-MADE WEAPONS. NO, NEVER!

Art and Story:
GENE DAY
Letters:
DAVE SIM

BABY'S THOUGHTS BURST OUT-- SEARCH --FIND-- AND BURROW IN LIKE SOME UNCLEAN WORM!
HE KNOWS THAT VOICE ...THOSE GRATING TONES ...THE IRON-STRONG VOICE OF COMMAND... TRAVIX!
THAT'S IT, HONEY-- THAT'S IT....
WE'LL TAKE IT SLOW...
OHHHH!!

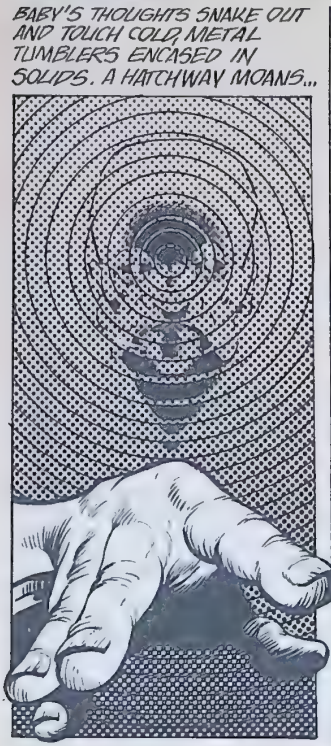
YOUR TURN, NOW...
... SIR...
...TRAVIX?
WHO THE...
HE'S FREE, TRAVIX. BABY'S ESCAPED!
DAMN!
ENOUGH, WOMAN --LEAVE US....
CHRIST! THE MOST POWERFUL SPECIMEN IN THE EVO-GROUP, AND YOU LET HIM GET AWAY
HOW WERE WE TO KNOW THAT HE COULD WALK? HE'S JUST A CHILD! ONE MONTH OLD, DAMMIT! ONE MONTH!

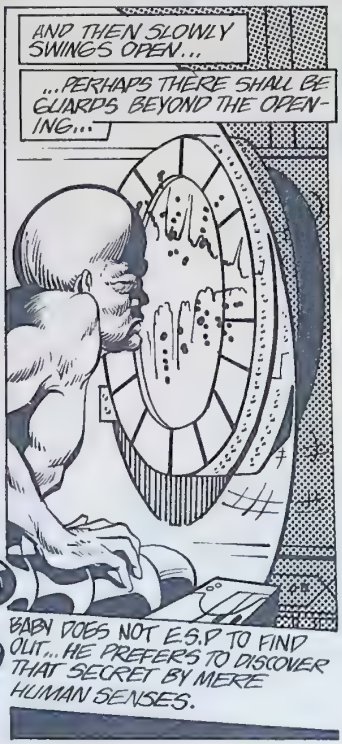

AND WHERE THE HELL IS HE GOING TO GO ANYWAY? THERE'S NO PLACE ON EARTH FOR A FREAK LIKE HIM! I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YOU NEVER DID, HARRIS!
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HARRIS! RULE ONE! AND WE'VE BROKEN IT! GOD ONLY KNOWS HOW INTELLIGENT THE LITTLE BASTARD MAY BE
IT'S STAGGERING JUST TO THINK ABOUT IT...
IF HE CAN TALK IN ONE WEEK-- READ IN TWO--
--AND NOW WALK IN FOUR--THEN WHAT THE HELL IS THAT MONSTER'S FULL POTENTIAL?
ZERO! JUST BECAUSE HE CAN DO ALL THAT, MEANS NOTHING
A BULLET THROUGH THE BRAIN WILL STOP ANYTHING THAT'S HUMAN ...
AND IF HE ISN'T HUMAN...?

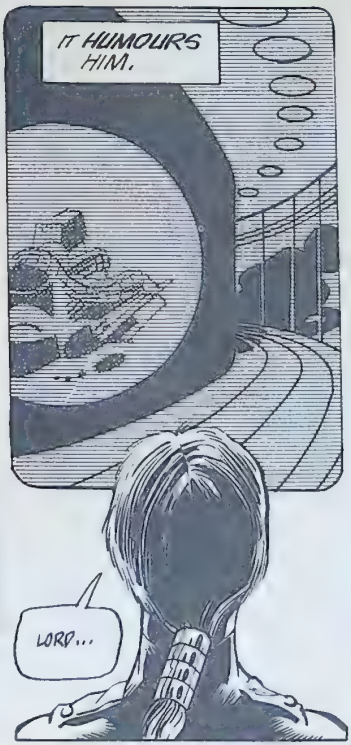
BABY'S THOUGHTS STREAM OUT LIKE SOME THUNDERING INVISIBLE TIDAL WAVE....
EVEN IF HE ISN'T HUMAN ...I STILL SAY A BULLET WILL STOP 'BABY'...
...AND CRUSH THE BRAIN OF THE MAN CALLED HARRIS
...JUSSST...ASSS... EASILY....
BABY'S MIND FILLS THAT VOID OF PULPY GRAY MATTER WITH BABY'S MEMORY--BABY'S WISHES
--BABY'S DESIRES!!
...ASSS IT'T ..WOULD ...SSSTOPP...
...MEEEE?
BLAM
...BABY...

FROM DEEP WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE AIR DUCT, A SOUND BREAKS THE SILENCE, THE CHILD PONDERS UPON IT'S NATURE--SO HORRIBLE AND MAD IS THE QUALITY OF THE SOUNDS CACKLING PITCH! AND THEN HE UNDERSTANDS.
HE IS LAUGHING.

THE MOMENT FOR REJOICING IS OVER ...NOW IS THE TIME TO CONTINUE THE QUEST. HE MUST LEAVE THE SAFETY OF THE AIR TUBE...
...IF HE IS TO COMPLETE HIS RETURN!


BABY'S THOUGHTS SNAKE OUT AND TOUCH COLD METAL TUMBLERS ENCASED IN SOLIDS. A HATCHWAY MOANS...


AND THEN SLOWLY SWINGS OPEN...
...PERHAPS THERE SHALL BE GUARDS BEYOND THE OPENING...
BABY DOES NOT E.S.P TO FIND OUT... HE PREFERS TO DISCOVER THAT SECRET BY MERE HUMAN SENSES.


IT HUMOURS HIM.
LORD...

EVO
13
SECTION
EXIT 13
CAUTION
EXIT 13
CAUTION

I NEVER DREAMED HE WAS SO POWERFUL--SO DAMN POWERFUL! HE MELTED THEM. SIMPLY THOUGHT THEM INTO POOLS OF GORE...
WHY DIDN'T WE TRY TO STOP HIM?
STOP HIM? NO ONE COULD HAVE STOPPED HIM AT THAT MOMENT...BUT NOW...NOW HE IS BOUND TO BE MENTALLY EXHAUSTED BY THE ENERGY HE UNLEASHED IN THE CORRIDOR. NOW WE STOD HIM, HAMPSTEAD.
ORDER ME A SPHERE...CLOSE OFF THE EVOLUTION CUBE
THE CUBE?
WHY WOULD HE GO TO THE CUBES AREA?
HE HAS TO--THAT'S WHERE SHE IS...
SHE...?
CUBE
BABY'S BRAIN ACHES, KNIVES OF HOT, SEARING PAIN FLASH ACROSS THE EXPANSES OF HIS MIND. HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO USE THAT MUCH POWER AGAIN FOR SOME TIME. BUT--NO MATTER SHE WILL LEAD HIM NOW--HER VOICE AS SOFT AS THE FALL OF DOWN
COME... THIS IS THE WAY
I-I AM COMING...
YOU ARE ALMOST HERE...
I AM COMING...
THE JOURNEY IS AT AN END. BABY'S LONG, LONELY VISIT TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS A NIGHTMARE FINALLY SHATTERED. ONCE MORE HE IS REUNITED WITH...

FAINT
MOTHER.

BABY FEELS A NEW SENSATION FLOOD HIS SENSES. HE KNOWS NOT ITS TITLE...NOR ITS ORIGIN. HE ONLY KNOWS THAT THIS IS HIS PLACE OF HIS CREATION AND HE FEELS FOR THIS BLOATED FEMALE BEFORE HIM.
I HAVE RETURNED, MOTHER
VERY TOUCHING...
YOU!
I HAVE BEEN WAITING...
DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD OUTGUESS ME, BABY?
YOU'RE POWERFUL...BUT NOT VERY SMART. YOU SHOULD HAVE WAITED UNTIL YOU WERE STRONGER BEFORE RETURNING TO THAT... MESS.
MAYBE THEN YOU COULD HAVE PULLED IT OFF...
BUT NOW, YOU WON'T EVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE.
BABY KNOWS WHAT WILL NEXT TRANSPIRE. A LASER FLASH WILL END HIS SHORT AND MISERABLE EXISTENCE. HOW HE HATES THIS MAN CALLED TRAVIX. HOW HE HATES, WITH A HATE SO REAL...

THUD
MOTHER.

BABY FEELS A NEW SENSATION FLOOD HIS SENSES. HE KNOWS NOT ITS TITLE ...NOR ITS ORIGIN. HE ONLY KNOWS THAT THIS IS HIS PLACE OF HIS CREATION AND HE FEELS FOR THIS BLOATED FEMALE BEFORE HIM.
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BABY KNOWS WHAT WILL NEXT TRANSPIRE. A LASER FLASH WILL END HIS SHORT AND MISERABLE EXISTENCE. HOW HE HATES THIS MAN CALLED TRAVIX. HOW HE HATES, WITH A HATE SO REAL...

TEETH AS SHARP AS COLD GLISTENING RAZORS, BITE AND REND. TALONS AND FANGS SCRAPE AND SHRED BARED FLESH... AND TRAVIX FIRES ON IN-EFFECTIVELY...

...UNTIL HE FINALLY COMES TO THE REALIZATION THAT TO ESCAPE THE HORRORS CONJURED UP BY BABY HE MUST CREATE A TEMPORARY DIVERSION
ZZZAAKK
MOTHER!
MOTHER...?
THE CHILD'S EMOTIONS DIVERTED, THE ONSLAUGHT OF PSYCHIC-DEMONS FADES--DEMATERIALIZES UNTIL TRAVIX IS ONCE MORE ALONE IN THE CUBE WITH THE THING CALLED BABY!
IT'S OVER BABY, THIS TIME I STOP YOU FOR GOOD...

DIE!
DIE!
ZZZAAAKK!
DIE!
OH LORD...
TRAVIX ONLY HALF HEARS THE OFFICER'S WHINING WORDS HE HAS ENDED THE EXPERIMENT'S RESULTS THIS TIME
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE NEXT TIME--AND THE TIME AFTER THAT?
WOULD THE NEXT CHILD PROVE TOO STRONG--TOO SUPERIOR? YET WHAT ELSE COULD HAPPEN?

THE FOOLS IN GOVERNMENT HAD DECIDED MANKIND NEEDED A GOD-FIGURE IF THEY WERE TO CULTURALLY SURVIVE. NOT A MYTH-GOD, BUT A LIVING BREATHING GOD! YOUR LABS WERE TOLD TO CREATE--SO YOU CREATE. YOU TRY TO MAKE A LIVING GOD FROM PLASMA...A GOD LIKE BABY...AND YOU PUT ASIDE THOUGHTS THAT WONDER WHETHER OR NOT A GOD WILL SETTLE FOR SIMPLE WORSHIP--WHEN HE CAN TAKE EVERYTHING, BE EVERYTHING...**HAVE ALL**. YOU CREATE..

...AND PRAY TO YOUR MISERABLE DREAM-DEITY...THAT YOU'LL FAIL.
WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THE EVO-PLASM REMAINS, SIR?
DO?
SWEEP THEM UP, HAMSTEAD
WE'LL START AGAIN TOMORROW...
GENE DAY

YET ANOTHER NEW DEVELOPMENT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS?
....?
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING IN.
THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT... SOMEHOW IT MAKES THE GAMES ...MORE INTERESTING.
WHY?
STORY DIXON
ART HUNT

GASM
Mark Wheatley
GASM'S WORLD WAS IDYLLIC ENOUGH TO PALE ANY MYTH OR LEGEND BY COMPARISON.
THE TWO MAJOR RACES LIVED WITHOUT WANT OR STRIFE--THEN WE CAME ALONG--AND IT WAS GOOD-BYE PARADISE.
WE OUT-SHOT A SHOOTING STAR AS OUR SHIP RACED TOWARDS THE DAWN...

...PASSING HIGH OVER THE DARK SIDE OF THIS WORLD BRINGING THE BURNING TORCH OF ARGUMENT.
...KINE-- I WANT THIS WORLD FOR THE COMBINE. YOUR OUT OF LINE!
NOBODY'S OUT OF LINE, HERB-- UNLESS IT'S YOU. I'M HERE AS HUMANITIES' ASSURANCE THAT THE COMBINE WON'T RAPE AN UNWILLING PLANET.
HO-HUM, THE ARGUMENT HAS BEEN AROUND FOR AWHILE, JUST LIKE ME--OH, I'M THE BIO/ENVIRON/ RECORDING-TECHNOBUT WITH THE BLUE BLINKER. THE BLOND IS JUST SCENERY.
1
YEAH--AND A VERY BEAUTIFUL ONE. YOU'LL CHANGE THAT THOUGH--WON'T YOU, HERB?
YOU GOTTA ADMIT THAT THAT'S A CITY.
SOUR GRAPES, KINE? YOU BLEW MY LAST JOB BY PROVING THE NATIVES INCOMPETENT TO JUDGE MY PRESENTATION--BUT NOBODY CAN TELL ME THAT PEOPLE WHO BUILD LIKE THIS ARE LOW-INTEL.

DOONGG
WILL YOU LISTEN TO THAT!
QUITE A RECEPTION.
ABOUT THE BUILDINGS--PETE--I...
LATER BERT.
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!
LOOK AT HOW THIS CITY IS LAID OUT--HOW IT'S STRUCTURED.
HUH? WHY?
LOOKIT 'EM--EATING IT UP!
YEAH--LOOK, PETE I DON'T THINK WE'VE FOUND THE INTELLIGENT INDIGENES.
WHILE HERB SHOOK HIS BEADS, PETE AND I OBSERVED THE CULTURE. I BEGAN TO SUSPECT WHAT I SAW.
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BERT--
--THEY COULD BE THE ONES TO TALK TO.

A WHAT?
IT'S LIKE A BIRD'S NEST CROSS WITH A MUD DAUBER..
THE POINT IS-- I THINK YOU'D BE WISE TO HOLD OFF WARPING THE IN-DUSTATIONS UNTIL I'VE CHECKED OUT THE CENTAURS.
PLAY WITH THE NATIVES ALL YOU WANT, KINE--BUT THOSE STA-TIONS ARE COMING THROUGH RIGHT NOW.
WE MADE A DEAL WITH THOSE BIRD-BRAINS. FACE IT-- YOU LOST THIS ROUND.
THEY ARE BIRD-BRAINS, BERT-- BUT I CAN'T TELL IF THOSE BEAUTIFUL CREATURES ARE ANY SMARTER--THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE NESTS.
WHY DO YOU SPY ON MY TRIBE?
WHO NEEDS NESTS--AH, LOOK AT THOSE BEAUTIES--I'D LIKE TO HAVE HAD ONE TO RACE AT BELMONT BACK IN THE 80'S; BEFORE BLINKER.
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO LAUNCH INTO ONE OF MY FAVORITE HORSE RAC-ING STORIES WHEN WE WERE INTERRUPTED.
EH--OH-- I WISH TO LEARN OF THEM FOR I AM A STRANGER ... FROM ANOTER WORLD.

OH? DID YOU RIDE THE COMET?
WELL--EVEN THOUGH THE EVIDENCE IS SLIM--I'LL HAVE A DETAIL INVESTIGATE THEIR CULTURE. BUT THOSE STATIONS MOVE TO SURFACE AT 08:00 E.S.T.!
THE POINT IS--IT WAS THE FIRST INTELLIGENT COMMENT ANYONE ON THAT PLANET HAS MADE--AND IT DIDN'T COME FROM A BIRD!
YOU'RE STICKING YOU'RE NECK OUT, HERB--DON'T MAKE ME CHOP IT OFF. IF THE CENTAURS ARE INTELIGENT INDIGENES, THEN YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO THAT PLANET AND THE PATROL WILL MAKE THAT STICK!
RIGHT? THAT PLANET IS IN MY POCKET. IT'S STAYING. YOUR FIVE-FINGER DAYS ARE OVER PLANETOLOGIST!
IN YOUR HASTE TO PROVE ME WRONG YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR--CORRUPTING DATA IS AS SERIOUS A CRIME AS THE ONE YOU CHARGED ME WITH.
BUT PETE'S TELLING THE TRUTH!
I WAS WILLING TO HUMOR YOU, BUT I'LL NOT SUFFER THREATS. YOU MAY THINK ME BLIND--OR JUST IGNORANT--BUT I'M NOT. THAT GIRL COULDN'T HAVE SAID WHAT YOU CLAIM UNLESS YOU'D EXPLAINED IT FIRST.
AND AS TO THE BIRDS; YOU FORGET THE GONG. IT IS A TOOL! CONFINE HIM TO QUARTERS PENDING RETURN TO HIS SUPERIORS!
YOU CAN'T DISPUTE BERT!

AND TAKE THE B.E.R.T.--ITS PROGRAMMING HAS MOST LIKELY BEEN ALTERED.
FIGGERS--HIGH AT THE DROP OF YER PANTS.
BERT! HEY, MAN--THEY LET YOU GO?
GUN?
NAW--I KNOW THE GUARD. HE LET ME VISIT.
CHIT-CHAT LATER. TAKE THIS GUN AND LET'S GET MOVING!
YEAH--BANG-BANG. SAVVY?
UGH--NO?!
LOOK, WIZ--SITUATION ANALYSIS; PLANETOLOGIST AND HIS B.E.R.T. ARE SCHEDULED TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT BEFORE TRIAL ON HOME PLANET. MOTIVE; IT'S EASY TO PROVE YOUR FINDINGS BECAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN TAMPERED WITH.
THEY'RE PLAYING ROUGH--SO TAKE THE BLASTER, "FLASH". WERE BUSTING OUT!
HEY, YEAH, MAN. "FLASH GORDON"--THAT'S ME! FIGHTING THE EVIL MUNG!
THAT'S "MING."
YEAH--AND YOU CAN BE JERKOV!
"ZARKOV". YOU ARE HIGH!

SHUSH--THE LIFE BOATS ARE GUARDED.
WELL, WE NEED ONE TO REACH THE PLANET. WE'LL HAVE TO SNEAK BY.
WHAT.?
FLASH GORDON DOESN'T SNEAK!
HE FIGHTS!
PWAK
UP! MINION OF EVIL MING!
PETE.?! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING? HEY, PUT THAT BLASTER DOWN, FELLA. I'VE ONLY GOT A KNIFE.
SID...
...YEAH... ALRIGHT.

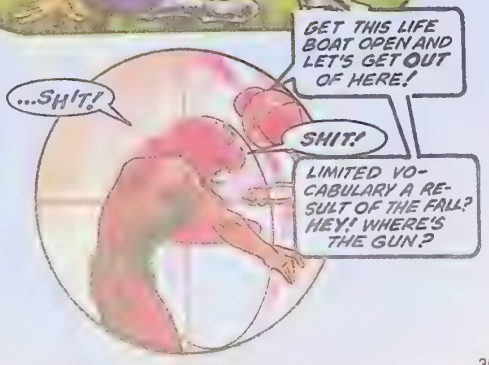
I DIDN'T MEAN IT--I WASN'T GONNA SHOOT...
CLAC
...BUT I'VE GOTTA GET A LIFE-BOAT...
...AND YOU AND THAT KNIFE ARE IN MY WAY!
I--AGH!
WAK!
I'VE GOT MY ORDERS, KINE. YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-WHERE!
YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP PETER KINE... BUT NOT--
--FLASH GORDON!
HUH?
WUMPF!
UGHH--YOU BASTARD! YOU'VE KILLED ME!
WHA--No!
LOOK... I'LL CALL MEDICAL, OKAY, SID? HEY, STAY BACK SID. WHAT ARE YOU DOING--
--WHAT... SID!

ULP!

AGHHHK!
TWACK!

MUTHERFUCKIN' BASTER...

OH, SHIT!
PETE, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT..
STOP IT, PETE! TAKE IT EASY!

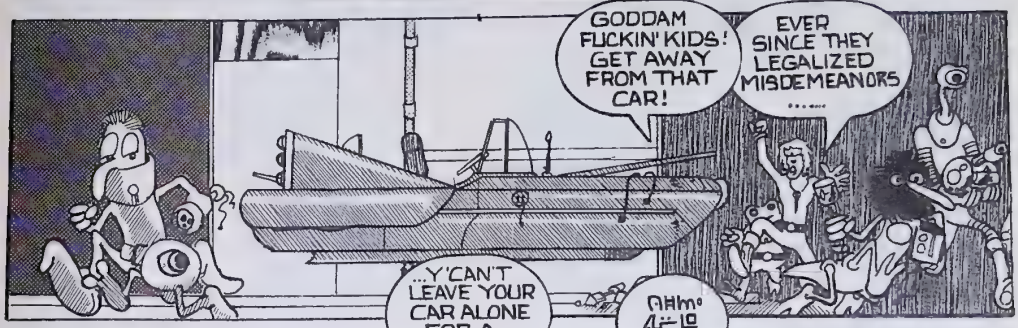

GET THIS LIFE BOAT OPEN AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
...SHIT!
SHIT!
LIMITED VOCABULARY A RESULT OF THE FALL? HEY! WHERE'S THE GUN?

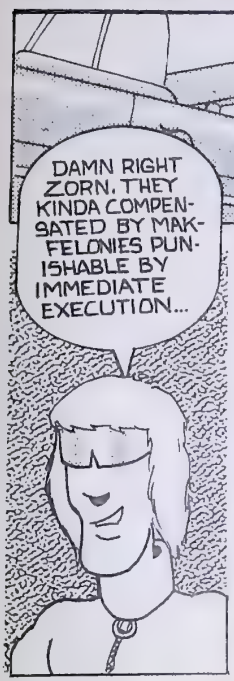
STINKIN-AGH-BAST-AK-ERRR...
zzzimmm
AH, SHIT, I HURT--
--HELL, WHY'S IT SO HARD TO GET INTO A DAMN LIFE BOAT?
WILL YOU CALM DOWN? THERE'S NO OFFICIAL EMERGENCY, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO USE THE MANUAL CONTROLS.
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT..
IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT I'LL--
zimmmmmm
OH, SHIT!
I'M A ROBOT--SO I SEE THINGS A LITTLE FASTER--UNDERSTAND 'EM FASTER, TOO--SO I SAW THAT BLAST HIT THE HULL AND OPEN A HOLE TO SPACE AT ABOUT THE MOMENT IT HAPPENED.

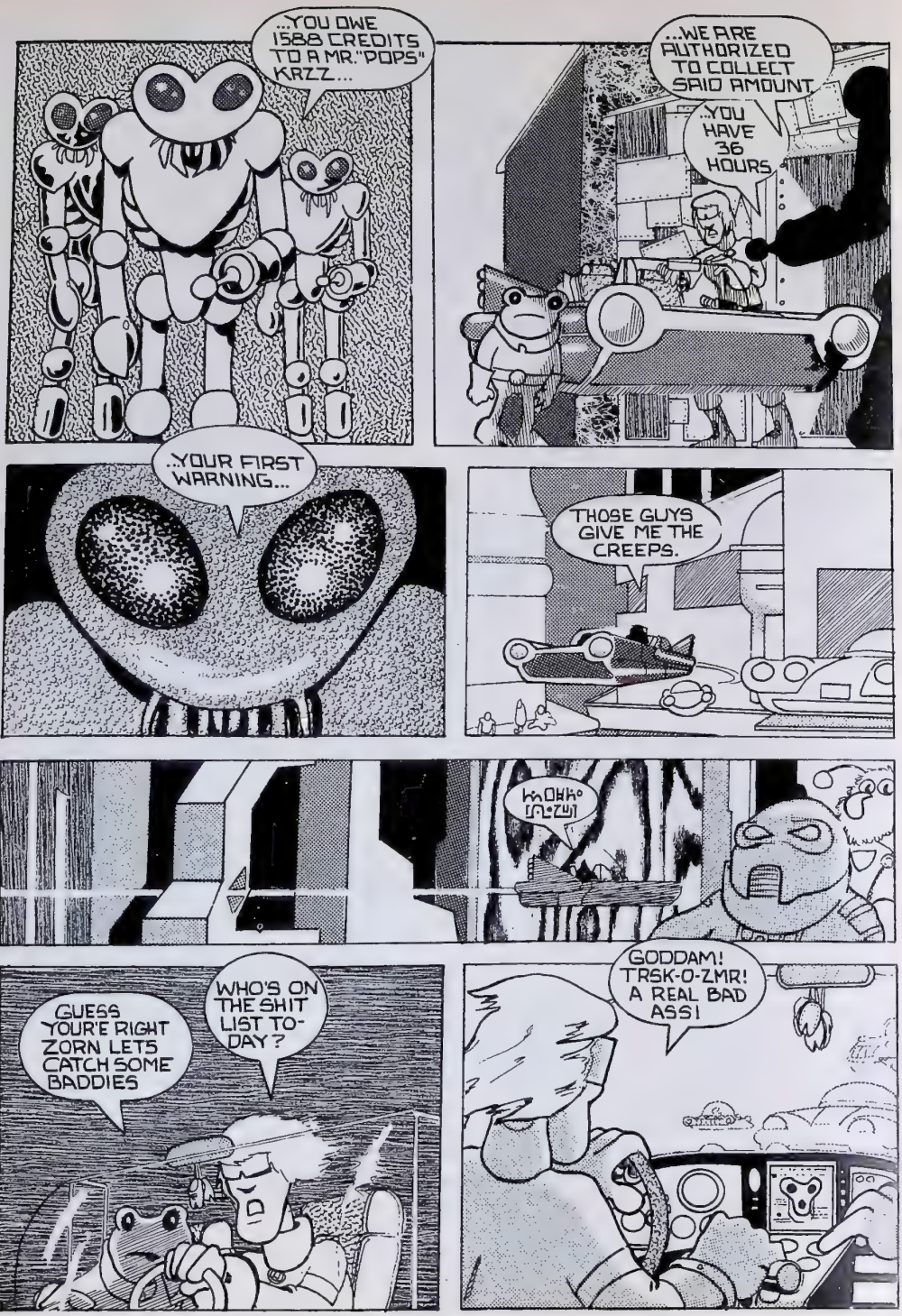
IF WE'D HAD TO WAIT FORE PETE WE'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE LIFE BOAT IN TIME TO SAVE OURSELVES.
CRAKOOMB!
THINGS WERE ROUGH ENOUGH ANYWAY.
OH, GAWD! BERT, SAVE ME--I'M DYING--THE PAIN!
BE RIGHT BACK, PETE
DESERTER! LEAVE ME TO ROT, WILL YOU!
HE NEEDS HELP MISS--AND I'M NOT UP TO THE TASK. HE'S SUFFERING FROM THE BENDS AND I SUSPECT SOME BROKEN RIBS--
--PLUS, HE'S DELIRIOUS.
FROM THE PAIN?
WHO KNOWS? WE'LL NEED TO TAKE. HEY, YOU'RE RIGHT STRONG, MS.--ANYWAY, WE NEED WATER.
I KNOW A PLACE. IT IS NEAR.

ALRIGHT--MAKE SURE YOU BIND THAT TIGHT--THOSES RIBS SHOULDN'T MOVE WHILE THE PROTECTOR IS RESETTING THEM.
WILL HE BE ALRIGHT?
I THINK SO--BY MORNING, AT LEAST.
I AM GLAD I COULD HELP... AH--
MY NAME IS BERT.
OH!--I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S A FUNNY NAME! I AM GASM.
SHE COULD HAVE BEEN A STRAIGHT MAN--THE WAY SHE DELIVERED THAT LINE. BUT IT PUT ME AT EASE. IN FACT--FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMED POSSIBLE THAT PETE AND ME--AND--GASM, WOULD SURVIVE THIS ORDEAL. A SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE HAD BEEN MADE.
ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING WHEN MY SENSORS PICKED UP THE TELL-TALE WHINE OF SEVERAL ROBOTOMICS. HERBERT HADN'T FORGOTTEN US. IN FACT, BY MORNING, I EXPECTED COMPANY.
AND MAYBE DEATH.
TO BE CONTINUED

CHARLES DIXON

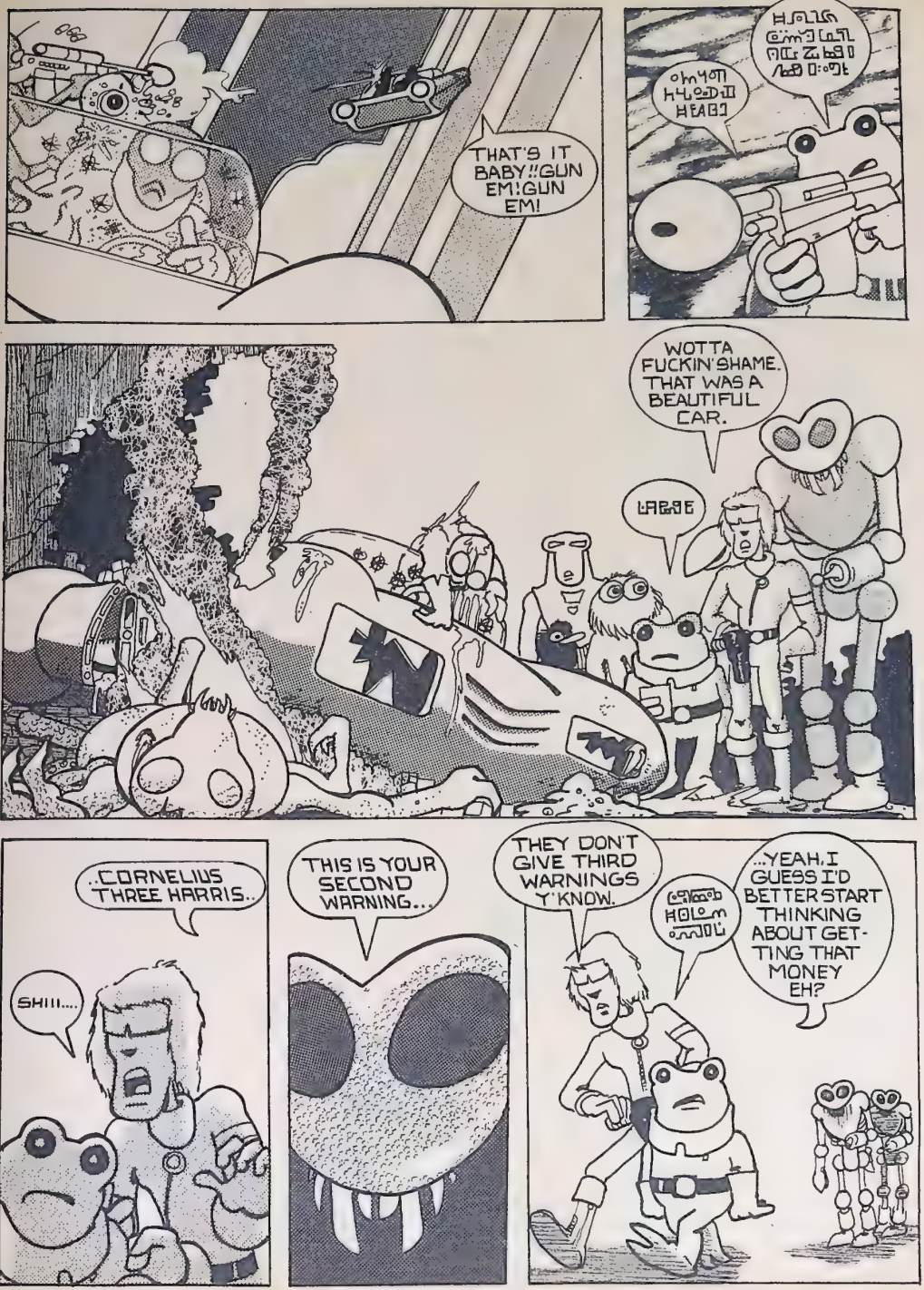

GODDAM FUCKIN' KIDS! GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR!
EVER SINCE THEY LEGALIZED MISDEMEANORS .....
...Y'CAN'T LEAVE YOUR CAR ALONE FOR A SECOND!
ΩHlm° ⅄⊢⊑ ⅁ՈP

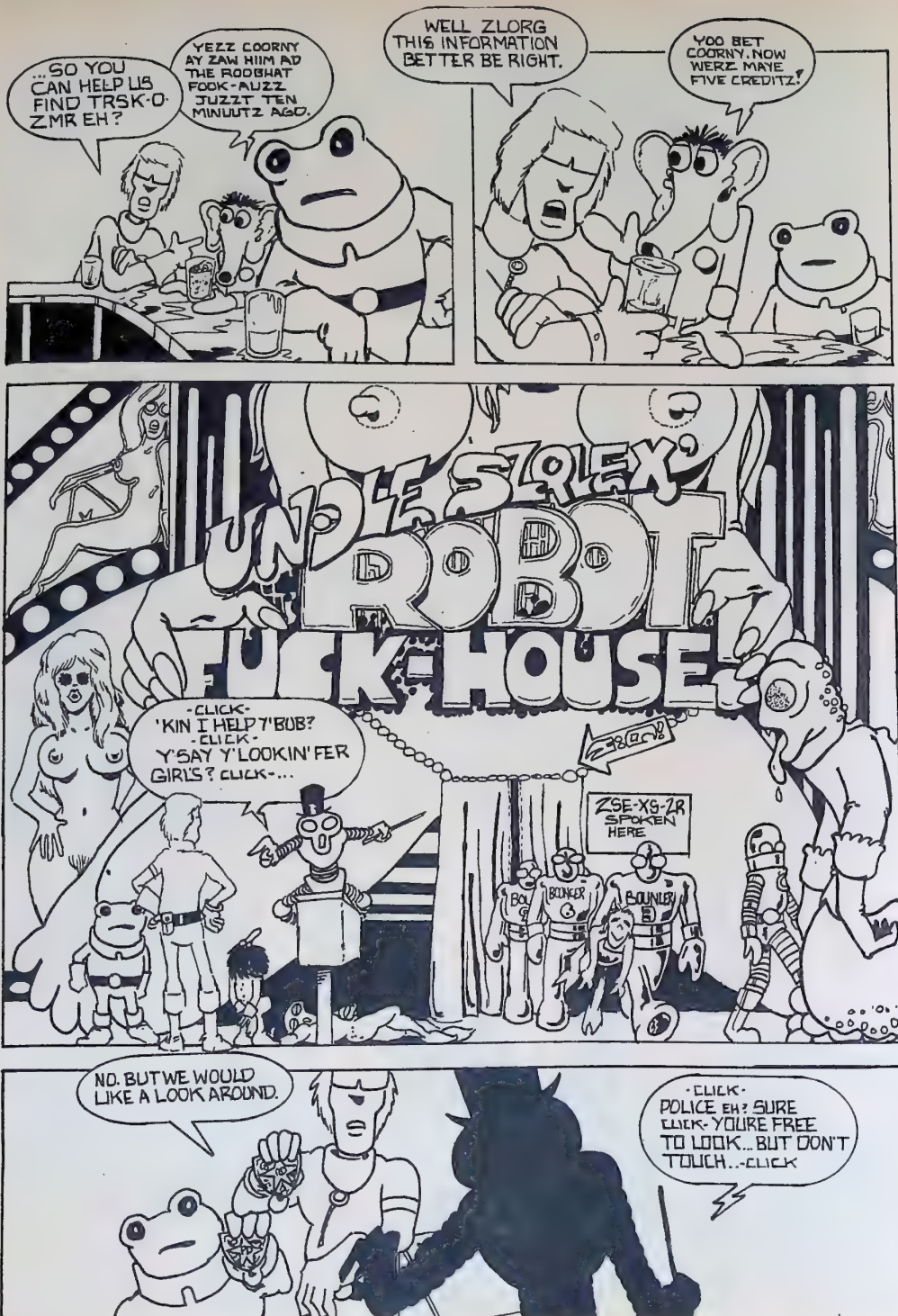



...YOU OWE 1588 CREDITS TO A MR."POPS" KRZZ...
...WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO COLLECT SAID AMOUNT.
..YOU HAVE 36 HOURS.
..YOUR FIRST WARNING...
THOSE GUYS GIVE ME THE CREEPS.
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT ZORN LETS CATCH SOME BADDIES
WHO'S ON THE SHIT LIST TO-DAY?
GODDAM! TRSK-O-ZMR! A REAL BAD ASS!

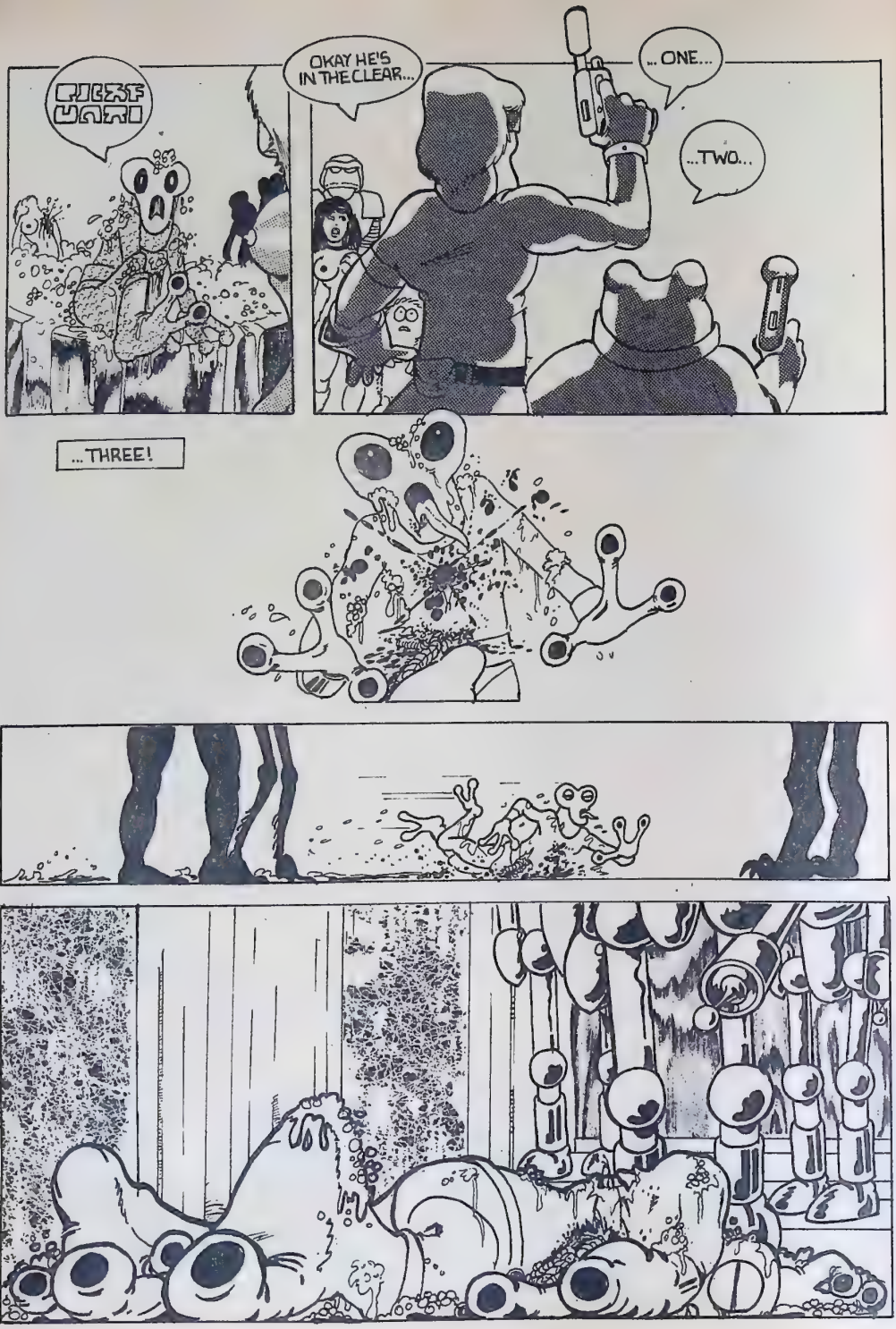
DAMN STRAIGHT GOOD BUDDY!
LOOK ZORN!
THAT'S A FELONY! LET'S TAKE 'EM!
DAMMIT! MISSED!
HANG ON ZORN! THOSE BUG-EYED BASTARDS AREN'T GETTING AWAY FROM ME!

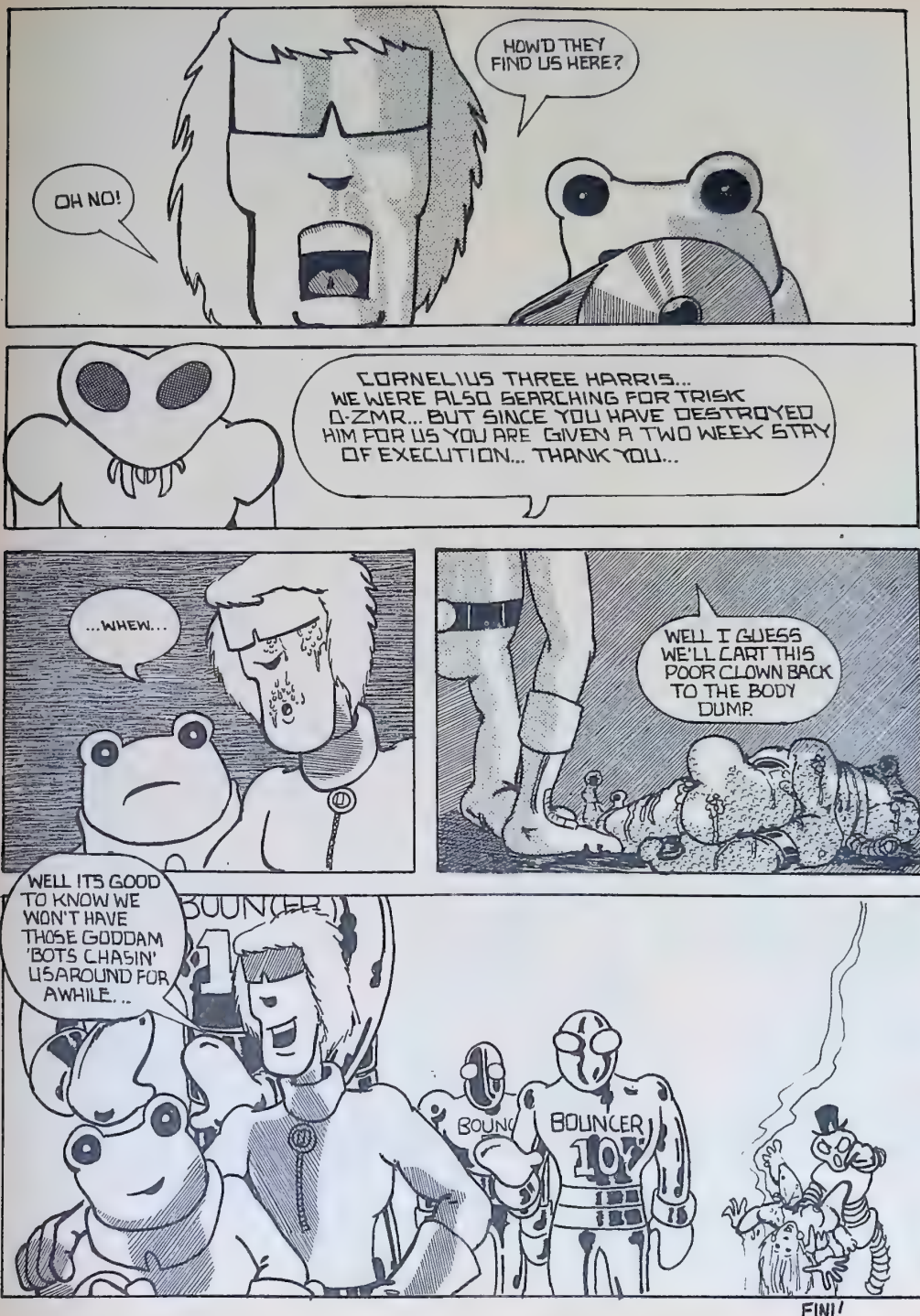
IF THEY DON'T PULL UP THEY'LL RAM THAT HOTEL.
SHIT! THEY DID!
...WELL HERE GOES...


THAT'S IT BABY!! GUN EM! GUN EM!
WOTTA FUCKIN' SHAME. THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CAR.
..CORNELIUS THREE HARRIS..
SHIII....
THIS IS YOUR SECOND WARNING...
THEY DON'T GIVE THIRD WARNINGS Y'KNOW.
...YEAH, I GUESS I'D BETTER START THINKING ABOUT GETTING THAT MONEY EH?

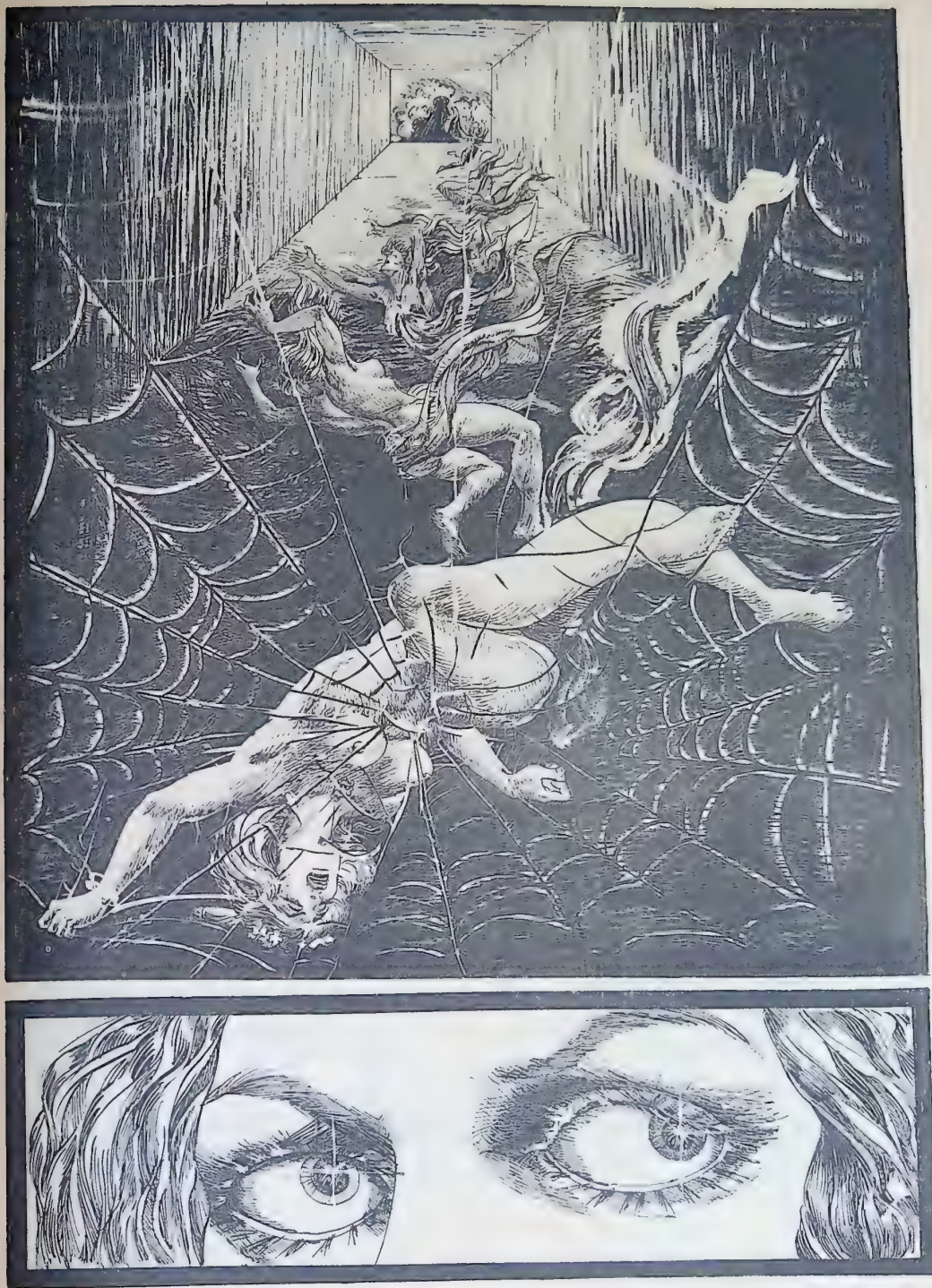

...SO YOU CAN HELP US FIND TRSK-O-ZMR EH?
YEZZ COORNY AY ZAW HIIM AD THE ROOBHAT FOOK-AUZZ JUZZT TEN MINUUTZ AGO.
WELL ZLORG THIS INFORMATION BETTER BE RIGHT.
YOO BET COORNY. NOW WERZ MAYE FIVE CREDITZ!
UNCLE SLOLEX'S ROBOT FUCK-HOUSE
-CLICK- 'KIN I HELP 7'BUB? -CLICK- Y'SAY Y'LOOKIN' FER GIRLS? CLICK-...
ZSE-XS-ZR SPOKEN HERE
BOUNCER
NO. BUT WE WOULD LIKE A LOOK AROUND.
-CLICK- POLICE EH? SURE CLICK- YOURE FREE TO LOOK... BUT DON'T TOUCH...-CLICK

WHICH GIRL DO YOU THINK OLD ZMR'D GO FOR?
HIT HIM BEFORE HE MAKES THAT ROOM!
GOD. DAMN!


KICK IT HARD!
OKAY HE'S IN THE CLEAR...
...ONE...
...TWO...
...THREE!


OH NO!
HOW'D THEY FIND US HERE?
CORNELIUS THREE HARRIS... WE WERE ALSO SEARCHING FOR TRISK O-ZMR... BUT SINCE YOU HAVE DESTROYED HIM FOR US YOU ARE GIVEN A TWO WEEK STAY OF EXECUTION... THANK YOU...
...WHEW...
WELL I GUESS WE'LL CART THIS POOR CLOWN BACK TO THE BODY DUMP
WELL ITS GOOD TO KNOW WE WON'T HAVE THOSE GODDAM 'BOTS CHASIN' US AROUND FOR AWHILE...
BOUNCER
BOUNCER 107
FINI!

THE
HUNTER



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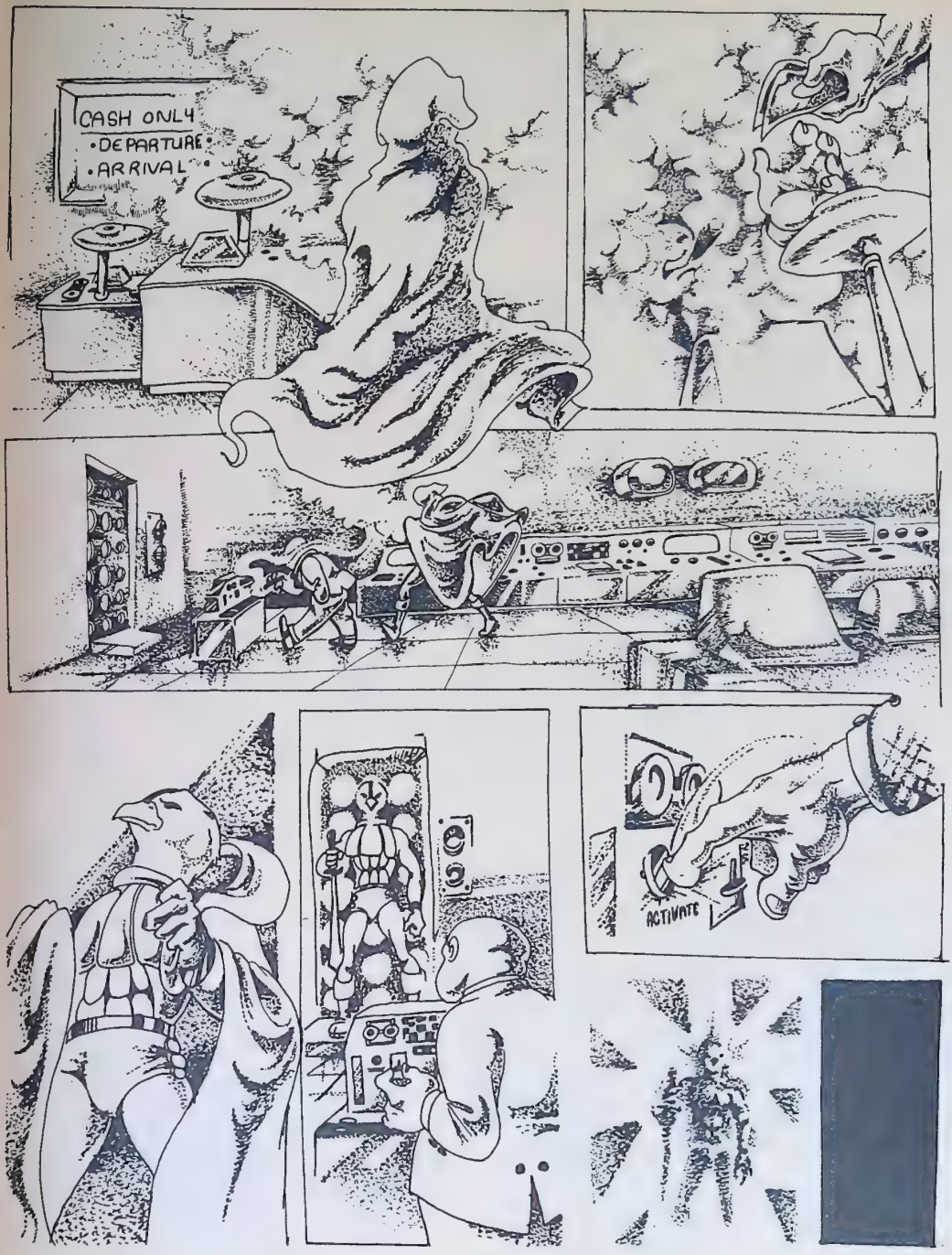
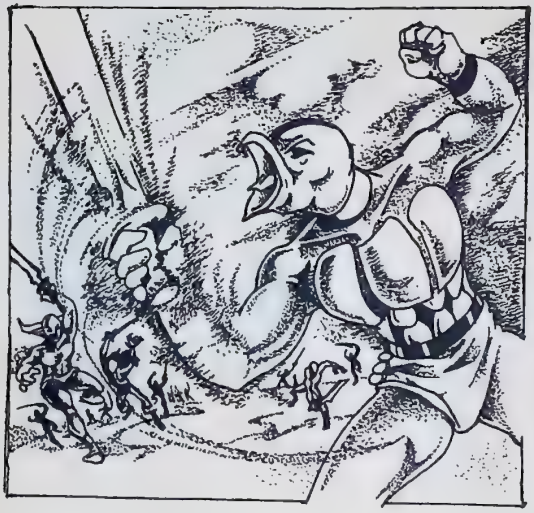
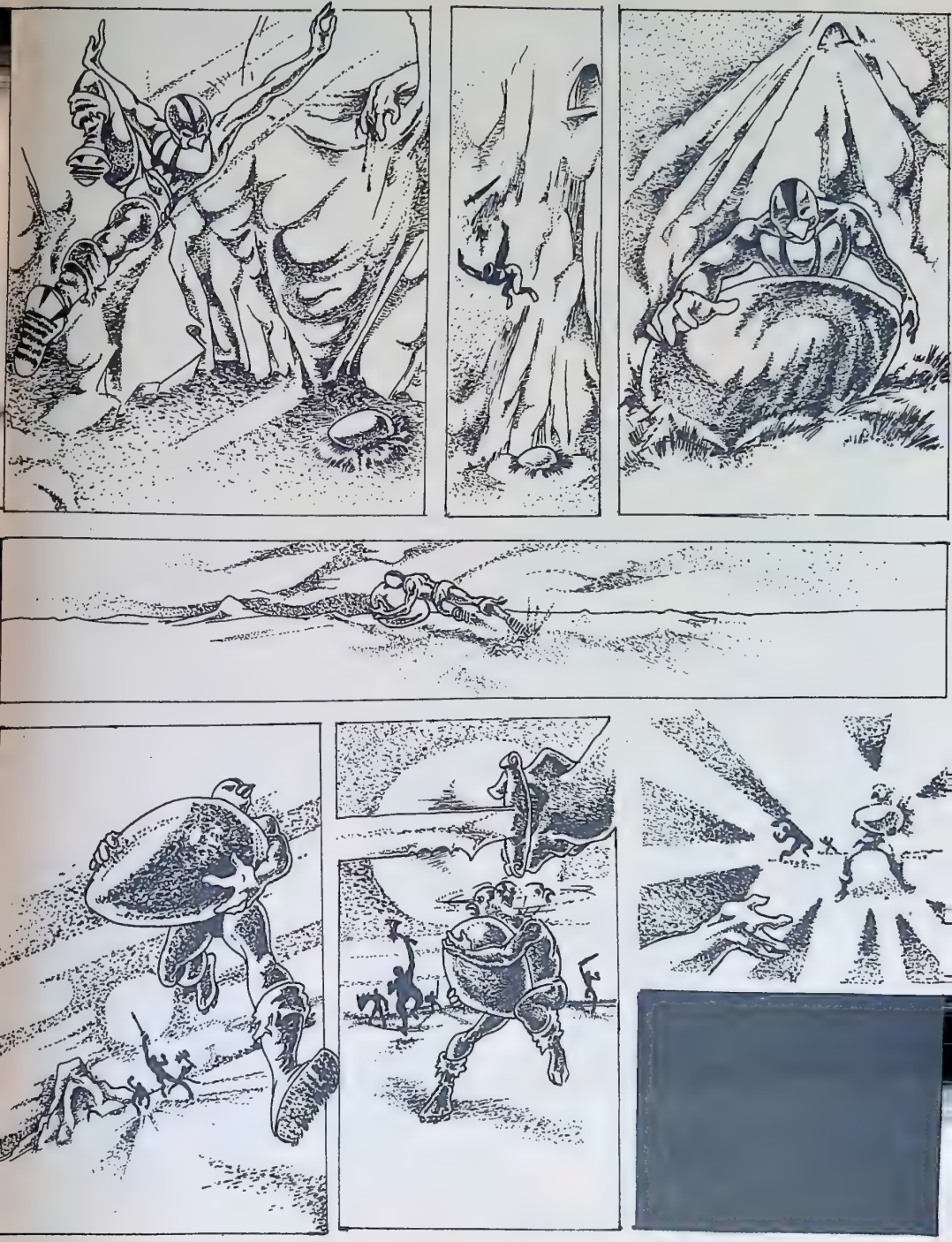

CASH ONLY
•DEPARTURE•
•ARRIVAL•
ACTIVATE





FIN.

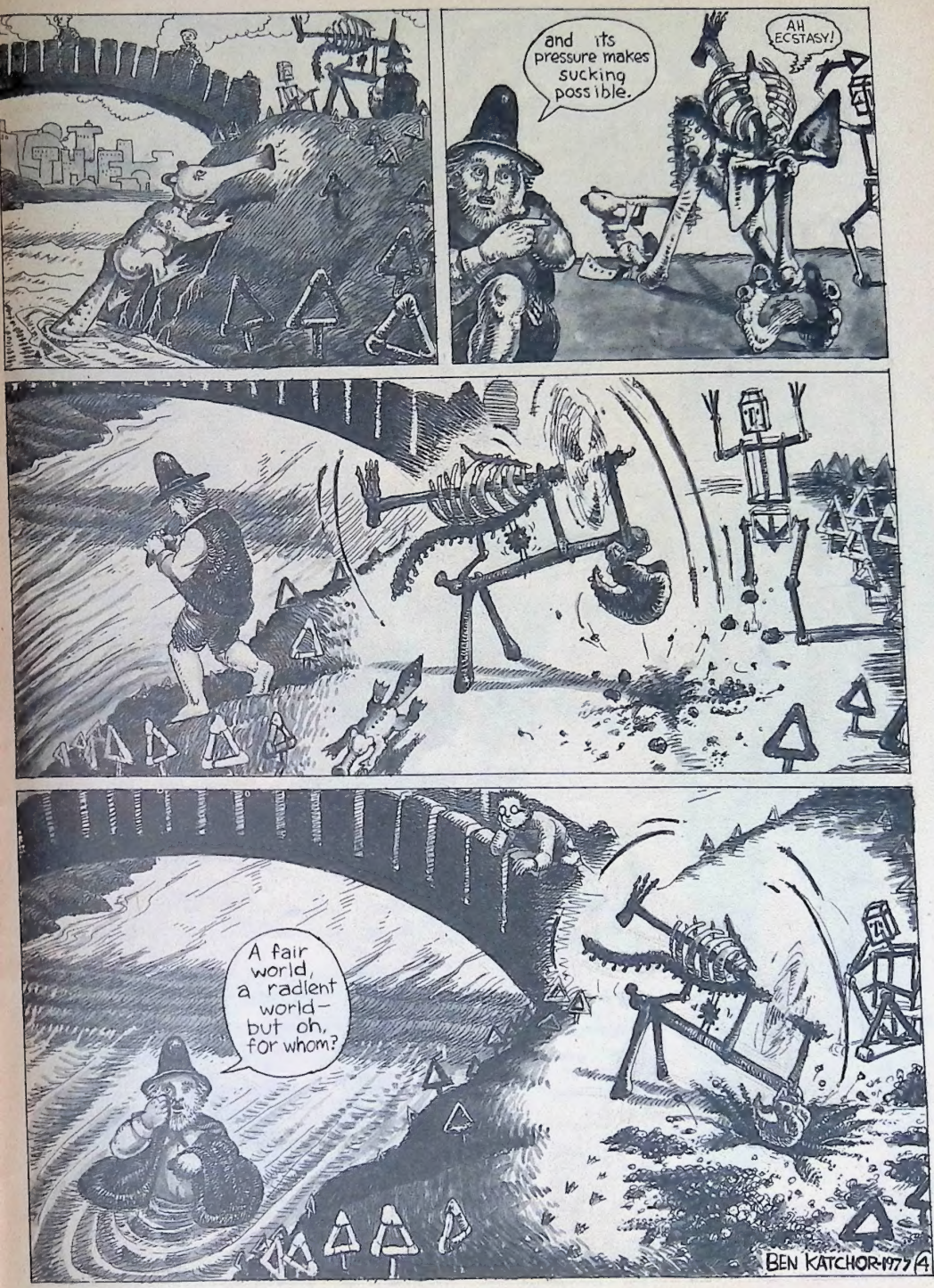
CHRONOSTUDIES INSTITUTE REPORT: JUNE 20, 2094 · SUBJECT: TIME TRAVEL PROJECT.
AFTER YEARS OF EXPERIMENTATION WITH NON-MENTAL FORMS OF TIME TRAVEL...
...TECHNICIAN JOAN PETERSON WAS PLACED IN THE TIME/SPACE POD..
...AND SHOT INTO THE PAST OF THE PLANET EARTH...
VISIT
BEAUTIFUL!...
SO... UNBELIEVABLY BEAUTIFUL!
POLICE LOG · FEBRUARY 12, 1971 · STATEMENT OF DARLENA DAVIS...
I WAS GOING HOME AFTER A PARTY...AND I HADN'T BEEN DRINKING AT ALL--NOT ONE BIT! ANYWAY, I WAS ALONE ON THE STREET...IT WAS ABOUT MIDNIGHT...AND I SAW...
...I SAW THIS SHIMMERING LIGHT WITH--UH--WITH WHAT LOOKED LIKE A...A GIRL INSIDE.
AMAZING!
IT WAS WEIRD!
SO WONDERFUL!
BEAUTIFUL!..
JOAN PETERSON'S FLICKERING IMAGE WAS SEEN 43 TIMES BETWEEN FEBRUARY 12, 1971 AND..
...FEBRUARY 31, 1971 · STATEMENT OF DAVID EATON...
NOW, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS OR FLYING SAUCERS OR STUFF LIKE THAT. BUT STILL--WHEW!' I DON'T KNOW.
I WAS LEAVING A THEATER WHEN THIS CRAZY LIGHT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE, AND FOR JUST A SECOND.. I COULD SEE A...heh...A NAKED GIRL.
JOAN PETERSON FAILED TO REACH THE PAST.
SHE STAYED WITHIN THE TIME/SPACE FIELD...
...BECAUSE IT WAS...
...SO BEAUTIFUL!
JOHN WORKMAN·77

A young 'natural-philosopher' proclaims the manifold and harmonious benefits resulting, by necessary laws, from...

The Mere Fact of an Atmosphere!

we find that its existence leads to other beneficial results.
It makes clouds possible.
These intercept excessive heat...
prevent excessive cooling and drying...
and keep the land supplied with the necessary moisture from the great reservoir of the sea.
2

IN TRUTH YOUR FAIR EYES, MY LADY, COULD NOT BUT BE MY SUN...
By causing twilight it prevents the strain on the eyes which would be caused by the sudden change from day to night.
MAMA!
Its existence prevents rain from dropping with too great force...
3


and its pressure makes sucking possible.
AH ECSTASY!
A fair world, a radient world— but oh, for whom?
BEN KATCHOR-1977 4

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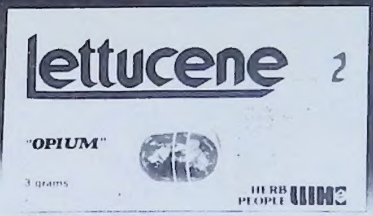

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As reviewed by Howard Smith & Brian VanderHorst
in the Village Voice of January 3, 1977

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